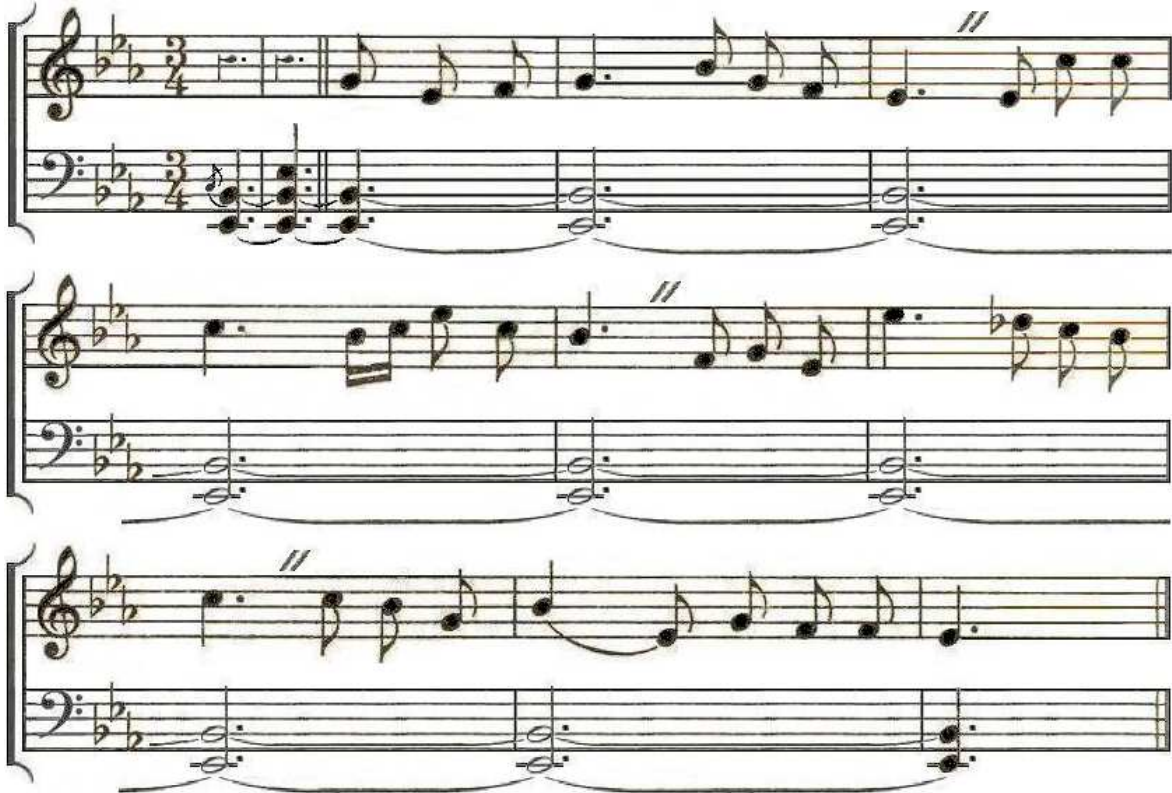


The Herd's Sang

SGEUL NAM BEANNACHD

An Laoidheidair (1935)



1 Luik thou, my hert, behaud an see;
What's ligin intil yon cribbie?
What babbie's yon, sae guid an fair?
At's my wee darlin Jesus thair!

2 Ah, Lord! at med aa cre-ature,
O hou art thou becum sae pur,
At thou upo thon hay will lie,
The feed o ass an clartie kye?

3 The silk an sander thee til aise
Ar fell course hay an sweillin claes,
Whaurin thou glories, grytest King,
As thou in heiven war in thy ring.

4 Ah, my dear hert, wee Jesus, hush!
Mak thee a beddie saft an sprush,
An I sall rock thee i my hert;
I'll nane lat thee my thochts depert.



Martin Luther (1483 - 1546)
Translâtion adaptit frae the Wedderburns'
'*Gude an Godlie Ballatis*' (1567)